

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



ON THE WEISS THOR.

## AMONG THE PENNINE ALPS.

To the hardy and active pedestrian there is no greater pleasure than in forsaking the common route of tourists, and, aided by his map and compass, threading the less-frequented passes and valleys.

I purpose to describe the route taken by myself and a friend last summer, during a walking tour through Switzerland, when, quitting the high-road, we spent four days in the lovely valleys of the Pennine Alps. We had done nearly all the route described in "Another Swiss Round" (in "The Leisure Hour," 1864), entering

Switzerland by Bâle, Zürich, Coire, over the Splügen to Como, Lugano, Luino, Baveno, to Omegna.

It rained so heavily the morning we left Luino, and we found the clouds so low on arriving at Baveno, that we were obliged to give up our proposed climb on the Motterone; so, landing at Fariolo, we walked up the Simplon road by Gravellona to Omegna, which we reached at noon.

It was market day, and the street was full of country people in very picturesque costume and booths of all manner of shapes and sizes, at which buying, selling, chattering, and gesticulating were well kept up. We

saw no other tourists, and for a time were the centre of attraction. We entered the dining-room of a small hotel, where we lunched, in company with many of the country folks, and from them we picked up a little information as to our proposed route; and, as we did not expect to meet many tourists where we were going, that was a matter of some consequence. We bought some gaily-coloured handkerchiefs, and had some fun in the purchase, seeing that neither party understood a word the other said, but were as barbarians to each other.

We found the entrance to Val Strona, and proceeded on our way. We knew we had our work before us to reach our proposed quarters for the night, as it was then nearly two o'clock; for the valley is very thinly peopled, and accommodation scanty. The Val is exquisitely beautiful, mounting up at every step by the side of a torrent that, now close to us, and now hidden in gorge or ravine, boiled below us. At each step fresh peaks of the mountains around came into view; and, one side of the valley being bathed in sunlight, while the other was in deep shade, we had every variety of contrast. We met very few peasants, but enjoyed the walk greatly. By the time we had reached the village of Strona we had attained a considerable elevation; and we sat down on a stone bench, outside the only shop of the place, and enjoyed some deliciously cool wine that the shopkeeper supplied us with. We were soon *en route* again, up, up, through some of the loveliest scenery imaginable. As we went along we heard the voice of a child singing lustily and cheerily a sort of tra-la-la. We could not discover her at first, but at length found her on the other side of the torrent, climbing with her bare feet amongst the rocks, picking wild-flowers and fruit, with three cows she was tending cropping their scanty herbage close by. She seemed so happy and innocent, poor little child, that we could not help thinking that, although secluded in these solitudes, and, probably, eating nothing but black bread, she had, perhaps, in real contentment and happiness the advantage over many of us. The day began to decline, and, as we turned more than once to look at the beautiful scene before us, lighted up as it was with the glow of the evening, we were greatly delighted. The cattle and goats were lowing around us, while, far below from where we had left her, the cheerful voice of the little cowherd was borne upwards to our ears. It now began to get dark, and we were far from our destination. We pushed on, and soon reached a hamlet, where we thought, if possible, we would stay; but there was no place of any kind where we could if we would. It consisted of a few miserable hovels, in one of which, with an earthen floor, the smoke of a fire filling it and escaping by the door and roof, we found a man who for a franc undertook to conduct us to Campello. It was a very steep ascent at the last.

Campello seemed a shade better than the last hamlet; but, as "Murray" says, "though a charming place for the painter, it has little accommodation for the tourist." Our guide took us to the inn—the most primitive place of entertainment I ever saw. The *salle* was locked, and they had to send somewhere for the key. It was certainly very rude, but the old man and his wife made us very welcome, got us some coffee, such as it was, and some nice hot milk, and rather hard bread-and-butter. The old man gave us to understand that we were very fortunate in being there on Thursday, as on that day and Sundays they always had meat, and we should have some for supper. We expressed our acknowledgments, and awaited the promised feast. It turned out to be a

dish of goat's liver, fried in something black, which hunger and good appetite alone made welcome. We could not, however, eat much: it was rather strong. Meanwhile a tremendous scuffling was going on overhead, and the old lady came in and out with a bit of candle, getting linen out of a closet. The old man made us try his wine, of which he thought a good deal; and we were conducted up a sort of ladder into a room where two straw beds had been prepared for us, with beautiful linen sheets, so white that it seemed like getting into fresh snow. The old lady was evidently very proud of her linen. I expect it had been her marriage portion, dear old soul. She was a kindly body, with white hair, and many a wrinkle on her forehead. She could not understand us, but her face beamed with smiles upon us: true language of welcome. They showed us the old lady's portrait when a young woman, and I have no doubt she was goodlooking then; but, in these valleys, the women work so hard, and carry such burdens, that loveliness and grace are soon knocked out of them. We asked her age, and the answer sounded like "centy-quatre," which might have meant seventy-four or one hundred and four.

Even in these remote valleys the inevitable church bell begins inexorably before daylight, depriving the sleepy tourist of the last few minutes that he is entitled to. It does not strike me as being exhilarating to have to go to church before daybreak, in obedience to that relentless bell; but, wretched as that may be, there must always be one man more unfortunate still—he who has to get up to ring the bell.

Our worthy host got us some coffee and hot milk; but we could not eat the hard bread at that very early hour, and we foolishly neglected to pocket any. We shook hands with our kind and simple entertainers, and started for the Col di Campello, a height of about three thousand feet from where we stood. It was a lovely morning, very cold, but bright and clear. We knew the direction we had to take, but path there was none. It was a regular scramble up rocks and through bushes sometimes. We soon reached snow. We found the wind very keen as we neared the summit, which we reached at about half-past six. Here we had a most magnificent view of Monte Rosa, east side, many miles off, but revealing the tremendous precipices and turrets which are so familiar to all tourists to Macugnaga. A splendid panorama of peaks bounded the horizon, including the Bernina ranges; while, behind, the plains of Lombardy stretched away south, although it was not clear enough in that direction to see much. It was clear to the north; and very beautiful Monte Rosa looked in that early sunlight. In hopes of a more extended view, we climbed a still higher peak, but we gained nothing by it, and so began to descend into Val Mastalone. We were not sorry to feel the sun's rays as we got below the crest of the Col, nor to lose the sharp biting wind that had escorted us up. The descent was very steep and tedious, and we were getting very hungry. Rimella was the next point, where we hoped to get some breakfast; but it was a long time before we reached any kind of habitation. When we did we tried to get something to eat, but the inhabitants were very shy, and either could not or would not understand us; and we could get nothing, and were obliged to push on, really suffering the pangs of hunger. At the next hamlet we found a tailor, who exhibited a board on which, in rude characters, was written "Vino et Aceto." We got him to give us some hard bread, and he fetched a bowl of milk. This man seemed the only inhabitant of the valley who traded in anything.

The path wound and twisted about considerably, until we joined the course of a torrent which seemed more direct, and we soon found a quiet nook where we had a good bath; the clear cold water greatly refreshed us, and enabled us to go on, although still very hungry. It was very hot, and we were quite tired when we reached Tobello at half-past one, having had really nothing to eat all that day. There is a good comfortable inn there, and the landlord soon supplied us with a very good *déjeuner*, and capital sparkling vin d'Asti. It was useless attempting to go farther that day, as the next place of any kind was eight hours off, and a Col of three thousand feet or so intervening; so we gave ourselves up to luxurious repose, sauntering about the valley, washing some socks in the stream, and writing letters home. Washing was a very serious business, though chiefly pocket-handkerchiefs and socks. We thumped them with great stones, and dried them in the sun on the points of our alpenstocks as we went along.

We were much struck with the dress and manners of the women. Poor things, they do all the hard work, digging, hoeing, reaping, carrying heavy burdens on their backs, even loads of dung, whilst the men stand idly by, their hands in their pockets, smoking. We actually saw a father and son smoking whilst the mother and sisters were doing the hardest work imaginable. I ordered the young rascal to get to work immediately; it is a great pity he did not understand the language I addressed him in. I would, if I could, describe the dress of the women; it seemed to be the same for all ranks in shape and colour, differing only in texture. We noticed two young ladies, I suppose, who were seated on a bank knitting, and watching some young men playing football in the churchyard. These girls had blue cloth trousers—regular ones I mean—with a scarlet hem at bottom about three inches deep; a blue cloth petticoat reaching to the knees, with the same scarlet hem at bottom; no crinoline; a sort of full muslin body with blue shoulder-straps and braces, edged with scarlet; sleeves of starched linen very full, and lace collars and cuffs; a blue turban-sort of hat, edged with scarlet. The effect was certainly very pretty. The peasants wore the same description of clothes. They were often, of course, much the worse for wear; but the sleeves and muslins were generally clean and starched. Some of their employments fully justified the use of their nether garments.

Our host had killed a chamois a few days before, of which feat he seemed proud; he showed us the skin, and regretted we could not taste the flesh; we bought the two horns of him. We asked him if he had any tea; having none, we produced our own, and, filling a cup, asked him to make it. He seemed puzzled, and would have poured the water into the cup; so I begged leave to go into the "cuchina," and then, by the help of a stewpan, charcoal fire, pair of bellows, and a coffee-pot, made a famous brew of tea. This we heartily enjoyed, although, before we could get it, he had to send up the mountains to a *châlet* for some milk. We had no mind to renew our experiences of hunger the next day; so we got our host to kill and dress a fowl, and, as we wanted an early start, went to bed a little before seven, by daylight.

We were up at five, had some coffee, and pocketed our fowl, some bread, and a bottle of vin d'Asti, with which we started on our journey.

We noticed that, however early we started, the women were always at work in the fields; it seemed impossible to be up before them. They have a curious practice of stripping the leaves off the ash-trees for

winter fodder, so precious is every green herb in these valleys; and numbers of these trees may be seen without a single leaf left, looking as desolate as if an army of locusts had been ravaging them. We saw two women thus engaged, the one at the bottom the other on the topmost bough of a lofty tree, picking the leaves and throwing them to her companion below; how she got up we could not understand, as the height to the lowest branch was much above the head. However, there she was, nimbly picking away, the branch trembling with her weight. We almost expected to see it break away. We watched them a few minutes, and passed on, waving our hats as a parting salute. We soon came upon more snow, and had a steep pull up the Barranca; we passed a *châlet*, where we got beautiful warm milk, with curds, which was very grateful, though we felt rather blown by it afterwards.

The summit was a plain between mountain-tops, and was occupied by a good-sized lake, the source, apparently, of several streams. As we crossed the extreme ridge a very fine view opened by the Val Ollochcia and the mountains beyond, but nothing like so extensive as the view we had had from Col Campello. The very summit of this pass is occupied by two or three wretched huts, where we found a man and some children, of whom we inquired our way. The descent, as usual, was abrupt and steep, but we soon entered upon scenes of great beauty in the thickly-wooded sides of the valley, the deep ravines with torrents and cascades. After a while we found a shady corner by a stream, where we demolished our fowl, wine, etc., which we greatly enjoyed, only regretting that we had not another to follow. The sun was very hot, and we had little or no shade for a time. The valley was very lovely indeed, every possible variety of mountain scenery being presented, backed up by snow peaks; and we unhesitatingly give the palm of beauty to this Val Ollochcia over all others, even the beautiful Val Anzasca, except as to the wonderful view of Monte Rosa, which the latter affords.

We reached Ponte Grande at noon, and, avoiding an inn of famous or infamous reputation in the guide-books, pushed on to Vanzone. The road lies due east to west, is of white limestone, and, as the sun was nearly vertical, it will readily be believed that we had heat enough, and a little to spare. There is a capital inn at Vanzone, and we had the best meal we had had for days there; excellent dessert and more vin d'Asti, after which, as the heat was tremendous, we indulged in a siesta under some walnut-trees, in full view of Monte Rosa. They are making a new carriage-road, and we had to dodge about for the path. We met an English gentleman and two ladies looking very hot and tired: they were the first tourists we had seen since leaving the Lago Maggiore. Passing the gorge of the Anza, we reached Pestarena about seven.

There is a nice inn there, and we were so pleased with the people that we determined on remaining. The appearance is rather rough, but they treated us very kindly, brought us pails of water for our feet, a mark of attention shown us nowhere else, and gave us an excellent supper of trout. I imagined some of the men from the mines close by were being paid their wages, as they made a great noise for some time; but the beds were good and we slept well. In the visitors' book were many names known to fame, and we found the signatures of personal friends as well.

The next day was Sunday, and we enjoyed its rest. After breakfast we walked up to Macugnaga. For a description of the splendid views at this last stage, see "Murray's Guide," page 323. We had an idea that



Macugnaga was a much larger village than it is, and expected a second Zermatt. We thought we might find Divine service perhaps at the hotel, but, with the exception of two ladies at the other house, we were the only guests in the whole place, after the departure of a gentleman, who left on our arrival, having the day before crossed the Weiss Thor from Zermatt.

It is a very solitary place indeed, but situated within reach of some of the grandest scenery in the world. Our landlord, Franz Lochmatter,\* a celebrated guide, persuaded us to try the Weiss Thor on the morrow, in preference to the "beaten track" of the Moro; and we were nothing loth to do so. We ordered dinner, and went out towards the Belvidere, and got on the moraines of the glacier up to the dividing point or fork. We sat under the shade of a rock, and T—— read some chapters in the New Testament; and there, in the midst of God's great temple, beneath the shadow of His mighty mountains, we read the praises of Him by whom were all these glories made. We greatly enjoyed the solitude, the scenery, and the repose, and returned to a tolerable dinner, after which we again strolled forth until dusk, when we went to bed, having to be up before daylight for a very important expedition.

We rose at three, dressed by candle-light, with a very uncomfortable sort of feeling that we wished the work done, and Zermatt safely reached, ate as much breakfast as we could for conscience' sake, and paid our bill, which, with provisions, wine, etc., for the day, was charged high enough. We cannot recommend the house; the landlord is a very good mountaineer, but does not understand hotel-keeping. I doubt if he will keep it on. Our knapsacks and the food were in a basket, strapped to the shoulders of the second guide, a stout young fellow, who thought nothing of it. We got away at five minutes to four, and walked up the valley for nearly an hour, calling in at a *châlet* for the rope, etc., Lochmatter overtaking us with his ice-axe. We enjoyed the sight of the sun tipping the ridges of Monte Rosa and the other mountains, as it came upon us, and the transition from darkness to dawn was very striking. We soon began to ascend by a rough path, sometimes over rocks, and sometimes through water, till, in about another hour, we reached a poor *châlet*, where we hoped to get some milk. This was a wretched hut, inhabited by an old man and two sons only during the summer for making cheese. The caldron was over a wood fire just lighted, the smoke getting out as best it could through the door, rafters, etc. The cheese-curd were all heaped about, and there was a miserable bed in the corner, from which the men had just risen. They were dressing; and certainly it was worth seeing as a mystery in toilet. The old man went to a stream and there washed his face; the younger ones seemed to think the operation superfluous. They could not or would not give us any milk at first, but at last produced a bowl. It was not very nice; I did not relish it in such a hovel; it was very different from the beautiful milk we had had upon the Barranca.

From this point the ascent began in earnest, and an hour's toiling over rocks and precipitous ledges tried us very severely. We could not help resting every now and then, and our guides became a little impatient, assuring us that, "Comme ça, nous n'arriverons jamais." It was no use talking, it was tremendous work. The cliff was nearly perpendicular, each step being a separate climb. The higher we went, the more fearful seemed the precipice we were scaling on looking below. After

another sharp tug the guides advised a glass of wine and a crust. This we had, and then got on better, the guides soon telling us we had walked well the last hour. We now approached a difficulty, consisting of a steep slope of snow, like the roof of a Gothic church. The rope was now called into requisition, and we were all attached to it. Lochmatter cut some steps with his axe and started up. T—— then put his feet into the holes and followed him, I next, and the other guide last. We stood still while fresh steps were cut, when the process was repeated; and in this way, after much slipping and tumbling, we gained the top of the slope, and took to the rocks again. Hence to the summit was really difficult and dangerous, being a zig-zag climb up the face of the rock, with a foot-hold of from six to twelve inches wide, and, as "Murray" describes it, "hanging on by the eyelids."

The whole of the vast basin of Macugnaga was filled with cloud, and the topmost peaks stood up like islands in a sea of mist. It was very curious to see them so; but we felt thankful for the mist, as, looking down on it, we were less likely to feel giddy on our perch than if we had been looking into space eight thousand feet or so. Soon we came to the "Cheminée," a narrow space between two rocks, so smooth and perpendicular as to suggest the idea that only a sweep could get up. Lochmatter went up like a cat, and the other guide, placing me in a delightful ledge about twelve inches square, made T—— stand on his shoulders like an acrobat, and shot him up to Lochmatter, who dexterously caught him and dragged him up. I was shot up in the same way, and the guide came scrambling after anyhow. We looked at each other in astonishment at what we had done. "Encore une demi-heure," said Lochmatter, "et nous arriverons au sommet." Then it was "vingt," and then "dix minutes"; and, finally, not before we wanted it, "le sommet" was announced.

It was a clear space about ten feet by five feet, at the end of a ridge of rock, and apparently the only point at which the ridge could be turned at all. Here, carefully arranging our legs so as not to kick each other over, we prepared to dine. It was twelve exactly; the sun was burning us, and there was not a vestige of shade. Looking the way we had come, beyond the distant peaks, we saw a lake, which our guide declared was Lago Maggiore.

On the other side, the way we had yet to go, appeared boundless fields of *nevé*, or snow, with a few black rocks cropping up here and there, the Matterhorn and other well-known peaks towering above them. It was a wonderful sight, but so hot that, after we had eaten all we could, we soon crept amongst some rocks in hopes of a little shelter. This we did not find; but it blew fresher on this side, and we were obliged to be content with that. After awhile we prepared to descend this interminable plateau of snow; the heat of the sun had of course made it very soft, and we sank up to our knees at every step. We tried a glissade, but it was impossible; so we were forced to push on as best we could. We passed close under the tremendous Cima di Jazi, whose overhanging cornice seemed as if it would fall and crush us, skirting several yawning crevasses, and we were four weary hours before we got off the snow on to the solid ice of the Gorner glacier. This was harder to the feet, but sloppy and uncomfortable. Presently we reached the first rock of the lateral moraine, and under its shelter we all lay down and slept for about three quarters of an hour. We passed quite round the base of Monte Rosa, and, sometimes on rocks, and sometimes on the glacier, we at length struck into the path leading to the Riffel Hotel; this we gained about six, and were fortunate in

\* The Lochmatters were the guides to the Messrs. Bailey on Monte Rosa in last July, when the porter was killed by being suffocated in an avalanche of new snow.

securing beds. A good meal was soon put before us, and, after watching the effects of a beautiful moonlight on the surrounding mountains, we gladly sought the repose they offered.

I have little or nothing more to say; we were in "the beaten track" again, and amongst tourists in plenty. As a proof that we were not done up, I may mention that we were on the Gornergrat the next morning before daybreak, and saw a glorious sunrise. We strolled leisurely down the St. Nicholas Valley, on by Brieg, up the Äggischorn, where the weather was unpropitious, over the well-known Grimsel, Scheidek, Wengern Alp, etc., to Interlachen, which we reached on Saturday night. Here we passed a quiet and pleasant Sunday, and had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. J. White, formerly of Fitzroy Chapel, London, where I once attended. At five a.m. on Monday, while the glorious Jungfrau lay in the brilliant moonlight like a mass of molten silver, and the stars shed a purple radiance over all, we started for home. Sharp was the word: no loitering now; and we travelled as fast as railways and steamboats could conveniently carry us. I had greatly enjoyed this my third pedestrian tour through Switzerland, no portion of which was more delightful than the few days we spent "out of the beaten track."

## HINTS ON LEGAL TOPICS.

### XV.—MASTER AND SERVANT.

IN a country like ours, where the law, as well as the language, is derived from more than one source, and has been fused and welded together by the gradual operation of time and custom, it is impossible to form a thoroughly comprehensive idea of any branch of the subject except by viewing it historically. The laws, like the constitution, have grown; and growth is a work of time; so that the sequences in point of date which mark the progress of legal doctrines are the cause of, and furnish true and only excuse for, the anomaly and confusion which so often and so lamentably prevail in the English judicial system.

Of this process of gradual formation the laws relating to master and servant are an example. In order to understand them clearly, it is necessary to mark their origin and development; and in so doing the explorer, on taking a general survey, will soon find himself involved in a tangled thicket of legal contrarieties, such as must before long call for the amending hand of legislation.

Of course it is not intended here to invite the reader to any study of the intricacies of the question, which the new Parliament will undoubtedly find it necessary to deal with; we will draw attention merely to the homely and domestic aspects of the subject. The following particulars, however, we will ask to be borne in mind. Not many centuries ago there existed in England and Scotland as complete a system of slavery as we find to have been established among the Jews, the Romans, the Russians, or any other race or nation whatsoever. The poor Anglo-Saxon villein was worse off, however, than the Jewish servant or bondsman, because he never had a seventh year, or a year of jubilee. He was absolutely at his master's disposal, body, kindred, and substance. His services were so indeterminate that "he knew not in the evening what he was to do in the morning;" he was bound to obey whatever he was commanded. He might be beaten, imprisoned, or chastised in any way his lord might direct, so that he was not killed or maimed. Whatever he acquired belonged to his master; he himself might be bought and sold; if he were a

"villein regardant," he passed with the estate to which he was annexed, like the cattle; if a "villein in gross," he descended to the heir of his owner with the landed estate, or to the executor, if the owner had only a term of years in him. Every one also, whose parents, or whose father, were villeins, was a slave also; but not every child of a female villein was a slave if the father was free. The only alleviation of this catalogue of miseries was, that the villein might inherit or purchase land, and might sue in the courts of law *if his lord did not interfere*, and if sued as a defendant in an action concerning land, he might shelter himself under the plea of villeinage.

This state of things necessarily gave way to the influences of reformed Christianity, and of other civilizing agencies. The followers of Wickliff are said to have been the first to denounce the system of villeinage as being contrary to the precepts of the religion of Christ; and slavery gradually died out of England, partly by extinction of the slave families, but mainly by manumission, a process which the law assisted by every means in its power. Almost any act of the lord recognising the social status of the villein came to be construed as an act of release from bondage; but still the remains of our "domestic institution" lingered long in the land, and it was not till the fifteenth year of King James I that the claim of villeinage was put forward for the last time in an English court of justice.

In the place of the abolished system of servitude there necessarily sprang up everywhere a new relation, that of master and servant, founded upon contract instead of upon property. The terms of this contract were of the simplest kind: "Do, ut facias;" "I pay you so much for such and such services; in exchange for your labour, I offer you money, in the shape of wages." Thus the slave was elevated into the rank of a servant, and the lord was turned into a "master;" rather in the sense of a paymaster or an employer than as an owner or authorized disposer of the person and services of the labourer.

Moreover, just as amongst villeins there were "predial" slaves, or those belonging to the "predium," or farm, and "menials," or those employed about the "demesne," or private residence—in like manner, modern servants are divided into the two classes, which may be described on the one hand as operatives or labourers, and on the other as domestic or indoor servants. It is with respect to the former class that the principal difficulties in law and practice have arisen of late years; the latter being subject to rules that are more simple both in theory and application.

The first point of importance to be observed with respect to the relation of a master and his servant is as to the contract of hiring. This is regulated in a great measure by the Statute of Frauds, which provides that "no action shall be brought upon any agreement that is not to be performed within the space of one year from the making thereof, unless the agreement, or some memorandum, or note thereof, shall be in writing, and signed by the party to be charged therewith, or his authorized agent."

So that if a master is about to hire a servant for a year certain, or for a longer period, his agreement must be in writing; otherwise, if the servant leaves within the year, the master cannot maintain an action against him for going; and if the master alters his mind, and refuses to take the servant, the latter has no remedy.

A gentleman named Heald verbally agreed on the 27th May, 1818, to take a man named Bracegirdle into his employ as groom and gardener for a year, from the

10th of June then next ensuing. Afterwards Mr. Heald changed his mind, and refused to receive Bracegirdle into his service. The man brought an action; but Lord Ellenborough said—"If we were to hold that a case which extended one minute beyond the time pointed out by the statute did not fall within its prohibition, I do not see where we should stop; for, in point of reason, an excess of twenty years will equally not be within the Act."

Again, Lord Huntingfield, on the 20th of July, 1832, proposed to hire a man named Snelling as bailiff for one year, to commence on the 24th of the next July, and wrote out a paper (which, however, was *not signed* by either party), stating the terms on which he was to serve, which Snelling took away with him. The man entered on his duties; but before the end of the year Lord Huntingfield gave him a month's notice to quit, and the man left. On his bringing an action against his master for not keeping him the whole year, it was held that the action could not be maintained.

Nor does it make any difference that the contract was entered into in a foreign country, where by law such an agreement is binding; if it is sought to be enforced in England, unless it conforms to the statute, it will fail. Thus, where a Mr. Brown, residing in England, entered into a *verbal* agreement at Calais with a Mr. Leroux, who was a British subject resident at Calais, to employ the latter at a salary of £100 a year to collect poultry and eggs for transmission to England, the employment to commence at a future day, and to continue for a year certain, it was decided that Mr. Brown could not bring an action against Mr. Leroux for breach of the contract, although such an agreement would be binding according to French law.

The words of the statute, "not to be performed," mean, not to be performed on either side. So that if either of the parties *can* perform his part of the agreement within the year, then the language of the statute is satisfied, and an action may be brought, although the agreement be unsigned, or verbal only. A landlord agreed with his tenant to make £50 worth of improvements in a house, in consideration of which the tenant was to pay £5 a year more rent. The agreement was not signed. It was, nevertheless, held to be binding, inasmuch as the landlord *might have* completed the improvements within the year.

On the 1st of June, 1855, a Mr. Neale wrote to a lady named Smith a letter, in which he proposed that she should assign to him certain letters-patent which she had obtained for making toys, to be held by him in trust for an institution called the "Ladies' Guild," which was under his management; the intention being that the patent should be used by the guild for making toys. The lady was to have £5 per cent. on the profits; and, if the percentage did not equal a certain sum in the first and subsequent years, she was to have the right of reclaiming the patent. This was an oral agreement only; but, inasmuch as it did not appear that there was anything on the lady's part which might not have been fully accomplished by her within the year, it was decided that an action might be brought upon it.

The statute requires that the "agreement, or some memorandum or note thereof," shall be in writing. The meaning of this word "agreement" has been held to include not only the promise to do a thing, but the consideration, the "quid pro quo" for which the promise was given.

In the year 1826 a young woman named Amelia Whitcomb signed the following agreement:—"I hereby agree to remain with Mrs. Lees, of 302, Regent Street,

for two years from the date hereof, for the purpose of learning the business of a dressmaker." Before the two years were out Amelia Whitcomb left Mr. Lees's service, at a time when she had made such progress in the business as that her services had become valuable. Mr. Lees thereupon brought an action against her for the loss of her services for the remaining period of two years. But it was decided that, as the agreement contained no obligation on the part of Mr. Lees's wife to teach the defendant, it was a one-sided agreement, and void as a legal contract.

In another instance a man named Bradley signed an agreement to "work for and with John Sykes, of Sheffield, manufacturer of powder-flasks and other articles, at and in such work as he should order and direct, and no other person whatsoever, from that day thenceforth, during and until the expiration of twelve months; and so on from twelve months' end to twelve months' end, until he should give the said John Sykes twelve months' notice in writing that he should quit his service." This agreement was in like manner held void, inasmuch as John Sykes was not bound by the agreement to employ Bradley, and therefore could not bring an action against another manufacturer for harbouring him.

It may here be observed that if the consideration for any agreement for hiring or service be illegal, *either in whole or in part*, on the ground either of fraud or immorality, or as being contrary to public policy, *the whole contract* is put an end to.

The following case, though not involving the relation of master and servant, is an illustration of the principle:—

In the year 1833 Messrs. William Shackell and Thomas Arrowsmith were proprietors and publishers of the "John Bull" newspaper; and on the 27th of January in that year there appeared in that paper a defamatory statement respecting one Mr. Patrick Chalmers who had been convicted of forgery at the Old Bailey in the May preceding, and had since obtained a free pardon. The writer said, "In this case we know that the crime of forgery was not new to Mr. Free-Pardon Patrick Chalmers, and we think we can offer some reason for this act of Whig-Liberal mercy. Mr. F.-P. C. was, for some time previous to his incarceration on this charge, an eminent mob-leader in a small way. He called a public meeting in Smithfield; he headed a deputation to the Lord Mayor to call a meeting of the Livery to petition for the abolition of death for forgery; he often took the chair at the Rotunda; and he is or was the intimate friend of that much-persecuted and respected publisher of treason Hetherington. These are surely convincing reasons that Mr. Patrick Chalmers is a fit subject for the mercy of the Sovereign." This was the libel for which, in May 1833, Mr. Chalmers brought an action against the printer and proprietors of the "John Bull." After some delay, this action was compromised by Mr. Shackell (Mr. Arrowsmith having in the meantime died), on payment to Chalmers of £60 and costs. Thereupon Mr. Shackell commenced another action against a Mr. Rosier, declaring that the libel was published at his (Rosier's) solicitation and request, and upon his representation that the facts were true; and that, when Chalmers's action was commenced, Rosier, in consideration of the premises, and that the printer and proprietors would defend the action, on the 6th of June, 1833, undertook and promised that he (Rosier) would indemnify and reimburse them for all damages, costs, charges, expenses, attending the publication and the trial. Mr. Shackell further declared that the costs of Chalmers's action had amounted to some £300, but that



Mr. Rosier, in neglect and violation of his promise and undertaking, had refused to reimburse him these costs. The Chief Justice, when the case came to be heard, said that the consideration here was twofold, consisting first of the premises—i.e., the publication at Rosier's request—and secondly, the indemnity against the consequences of the action. The first might be good, but what was the second but saying that, in consideration that Shackell and Rosier had combined to commit a breach of the law, the latter promised to save the former harmless? It needed no argument to show that a promise to indemnify a man against all the consequences of an offence could not be supported on any principle of law. The promise was illegal, and therefore the whole contract was void.

Contracts may be illegal, not only as opposed to common law, but as being in contravention of some statute. It may be worth while here to notice that a contract of hiring a labourer for a year made by a farmer on a Sunday was held to be no violation of the Lord's Day Observance Act, as not being strictly within the "labour, business, or work of the ordinary calling" of either party. But every hired servant is under the government, discipline, and control of his master on Sunday, as much as any other day.

### THE FALL OF CLARENDON.

THERE are very few men who, in so large a manner as Lord Clarendon, have both lived history and written history. To a great degree, our knowledge of the times during which he lived is derived from his own immortal writings. During those times there are few names which emerge more frequently, or with broader influence, than his own. In the momentous period of the Long Parliament his influence is first seen on the side of the people, and then on the side of the Crown. He was the leader of his party in the House of Commons; he was Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords; for many years he was Prime Minister of England; he became the grandfather of two English sovereigns. There has been no other English subject on whom such an accumulation of honours has thus rested. For many years his career was singularly chequered, exhibiting various errors and faults, but at the same time great endurance and great virtue; and through good report and evil report, through good estate and evil estate, he clung close to the faith and hope of a Christian man. At last came his extraordinary elevation, and from that giddy eminence as extraordinary a fall. In exile, in poverty, in obloquy, closed that long and eventful career, so imperishably bound up with English history and English literature. His last days, though his saddest, were his happiest and his best; his fall proved to be a rising again, and he learned to look upon it as a season of rest, as a quiet pause, as a solemn audit of the past, before his active, crowded career came to an end on earth.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into any details of this period's political events. We take up the personal history of Lord Clarendon at the time when he became a conspicuous actor in the stirring events of his times. Under the guidance of Sir Nicolas Hyde, who rose to be Chief Justice, he had devoted himself to the law, and possessed a large practice at the bar. When the civil troubles began Edward Hyde thought it his duty to abandon his lucrative practice until quieter times should arrive, and in the meantime to

devote his whole energies to his public duties in Parliament. He had been known as a great lawyer; he now appeared in the character of a great statesman. Wherever a liberty was to be asserted, a wrong to be redressed, an inquiry to be instituted, a tyrannical institution to be abolished, a grievous criminal to be exposed, Edward Hyde was among the first and foremost on the popular side. But after a time, rightly or wrongly, he became firmly convinced that this side was pushing things too far, and to an extent of which neither his conscience nor reason approved. He threw the whole weight of his influence into the declining side of the Royalists, and withdrew to York to be in attendance on the King. He does not appear to have been very popular among the party whom he thus joined. Though he went over to the court, he carried thither the stern, rigid virtues of a Republican, which rarely, indeed, find much favour among courtiers; an intrepidity in speaking unwelcome truth, a strict justice and moderation, a high-minded, incorruptible spirit. He was of great use to his party in the paper war that preceded actual hostilities; but when the military operations commenced, Hyde ceased for a time to appear in a prominent position. The King determined to entrust him with the charge of the Prince of Wales in the west of England. This was partly done because Hyde was an eminently fit man for the post, but partly also, it has been suggested, because his plain-speaking was disagreeable to the King and the cavaliers. Hyde unwillingly complied with the request, and took charge of the Prince first in Cornwall, then in the isle of Scilly, and afterwards in the isle of Jersey. Queen Henrietta then directed that her son should be sent to Paris. This was eventually done; but Hyde, believing that he could be of no use to his royal master in France, resolved to continue in Jersey.

Perceiving that the times in which he lived were perhaps the most memorable in the whole course of English history, he had commenced, while yet in Scilly, the "History of the Great Rebellion," a work disfigured, indeed, by inaccuracies, by personal feelings, and political partisanship, but of commanding merits which have made it classic. He continued it in Jersey. He was in the island for about two years, "and enjoyed," as he was wont to say, "the greatest tranquillity of mind imaginable." At first two of his friends, Lord Hopton and Lord Capel, were with him, and the three kept house together at St. Hilary. Their day was thus spent:—The two noblemen would read or ride or walk, while Hyde would sit in his chamber, working at his history till eleven o'clock. At that hour they attended daily prayer at the church; after morning prayer they dined. They kept a common table at Lord Hopton's lodgings, because his lodgings were the best. In the evening they met upon the sands for a walk. They often went to the castle to see the governor, "who treated them with extraordinary kindness and civility;" and, in truth, "the whole island showed great affection to them." After a time, first one of his friends was obliged to leave him, and then the other. Sir George Carteret then received him into Elizabeth Castle. Here he built himself a lodging of two or three rooms, and over the door of his lodging he set up his arms with a Latin inscription—"Bene vixit qui latuit" (He has lived well who has escaped notice). "And he always took pleasure in relating with what great tranquillity of spirit he spent his time here, amongst his books, which he got from Paris, and his papers, between which he seldom spent less than ten hours in the day." King Charles himself sent him a variety of materials for his work.

When the Prince of Wales left France, Hyde received

directions from King and Queen to be in attendance upon them. The happy seclusion of Jersey was at once abandoned for a life of wandering and privation. The ship in which he sailed to Holland was seized by a privateer, and he was robbed of a sum of money which he could ill afford to lose. By-and-by Charles II sent him on an unsatisfactory embassy to Madrid. Here Hyde, who always writes of himself as "the Chancellor"—for he had received the empty office of Chancellor of the Exchequer at the mimic court of Charles—studied the country and language, and commenced his "Devotions on the Psalms." On his return he took up his abode at Antwerp as ambassador. Charles, after the battle of Worcester, having escaped to Paris, required his services there; and he resided at Paris and elsewhere, in close attendance on his wandering and unfortunate sovereign. From the Clarendon papers we can see the straits to which he was reduced, and the manner in which he bore them. "I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at. Five or six of us eat together one meal a day for a pistole a week; but all of us owe for God knows how many weeks to the poor woman that feeds us." "At this time I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season." "I am so cold that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a figot." "I have not been master of a crown these many months, am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat I have eaten these three months, and to a poor woman who is no longer able to trust; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as sad a state as I am." "Keep up your spirits, and take heed of sinking under that burden you never kneeled to take up. Our innocence begets our cheerfulness; and that again will be a means to secure the other. Whoever grows too weary and impatient of the condition he is in will too impatiently project to get out of it; and that, by degrees, will shake or baffle, or delude his innocence. We have no reason to blush for the poverty which is not brought upon us by our own faults. As long as it pleases God to give us health (which, I thank Him, I have in a great measure), I shall think He intends me to outlive all these sufferings; and when He sends sickness, I shall (I hope with the same submission) believe that He intends to remove me from greater calamities." "I have no other counsel to give you than, by the grace of God, I mean to follow myself, which is to submit to God's pleasure and judgment upon me, and to starve, really and literally, with the comfort of having endeavoured to avoid it by all honest means, and rather to bear it than do anything contrary to my duty."

The evil days seemed over at last; in 1660 was the Restoration. Three years before, on the death of Sir Edward Herbert, the King had nominated him Lord High Chancellor of England. Hitherto the title had only been an empty mockery: it now became a splendid reality. And yet this period of grandeur and greatness to which we now approach in Hyde's career is the least pleasing in the retrospect. He had nobly withstood the effects of adversity: he by no means endured with equal success the influence of prosperity. The prosperity was as magnificent as his adversity had been protracted and deep. The King heaped upon him lands, lordships, and wealth. He became Earl of Clarendon; he became virtual Prime Minister. His daughter married the King's brother and heir, the Duke of York, and became the mother of two English sovereigns, Mary and Anne. And now painful blots upon his character began to appear, which had hitherto escaped the notice

of others, and perhaps his own, and which, perhaps, required the fierce heat of prosperity for their manifestation. He appears to have been greedy of power and grasping of gain. The sumptuous pile of Clarendon House, which he was raising for himself, betrayed an ostentatious magnificence. Sometimes he appears to have erred in departing from strict veracity. More than ever he must have forfeited his own dignity and self-respect. He himself, in the long days of banishment and old age, confessed to himself how much he had erred and how greatly he had forgotten higher things in this season of brilliant sunshine. He confessed that those prosperous days contrasted ill with the calmness and happiness of his days of loneliness and want. If he had been content to take a full share in the wickedness of those wicked times, his lofty position might have been safe. Thank God he was preserved from that! In a great measure he still retained his integrity. So early as July 1661 we find Pepys writing, "I spoke with Mr. George Montagu. He told me in discourse that my Lord Chancellor is much envied, and that many great men do endeavour to undermine him, and that he believes it will not be done; for the King, though he loves him not in the way of a companion, yet cannot be without him, for his policy and service." Clarendon himself predicted to his friends that one day there would be "such a storm of envy and malice against him that he should not be able to stand the shock."

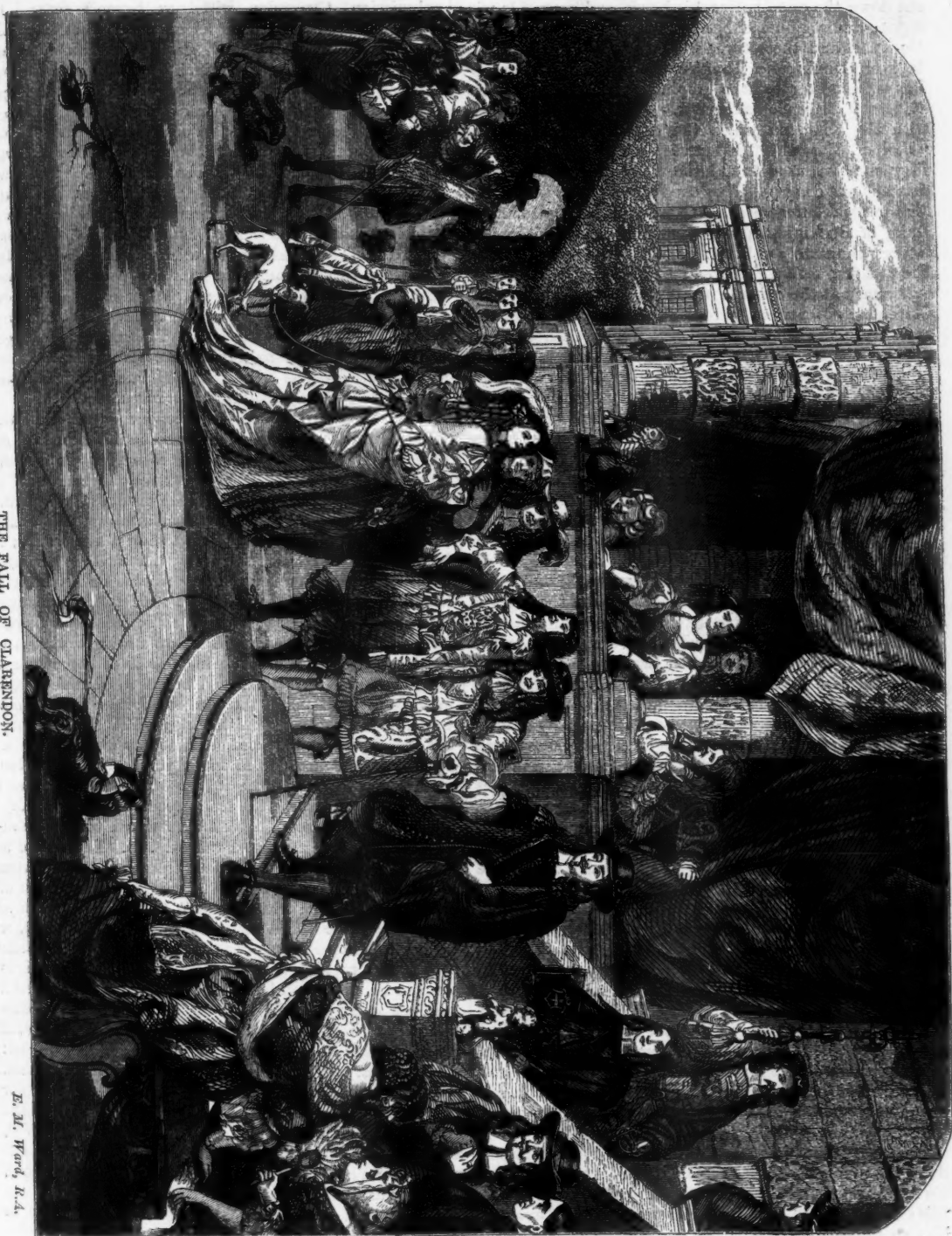
Various events were long at work which contributed to his fall. The nation engaged in a war with Holland. Among all the wicked wars upon record this was one of the most wicked. England, that was then becoming increasingly a commercial country, was jealous and envious of the commercial prosperity of the Dutch. Being the stronger power, she determined to crush her rival by brute force. Clarendon was steadily opposed to the idea; but the King was willing, the Duke of York most urgent, the country desirous; and, the war once undertaken, Clarendon, as first minister, was looked upon as responsible for the event. The issue was in part disastrous. The Dutch sailed up the Thames, and the roar of their guns was audible at London Bridge. With these misfortunes came the Great Plague and the Great Fire. Clarendon lost favour, not only with the people, but with his royal master. He boldly denounced the guilt and vice in the midst of which Charles habitually lived. The King became visibly chagrined and mortified by the boldness of his old and faithful counsellor. The infamous man whose ministry succeeded that of Clarendon, and is known as the Cabal, was incessantly scheming and plotting against him. What chiefly aroused envy and enmity was the prodigal expense of the palace he was raising, of which Pepys, who used to visit it, speaks with wondering admiration. He fully saw his error when it was too late. He used to say that "he could not reflect upon any one thing he had done (amongst many which he doubted not, were justly liable to the reproach of weakness and vanity) of which he was so much ashamed as he was of the vast expense he had made in the building of his house, which had more contributed to that gust of envy that had so violently shaken him than any misdeemeanour that he was thought to have been guilty of; and this he took all occasions to confess, and to reproach himself with the folly of it."

Old Pepys has, in his "Diary," two or three passages that mark the decline and fall of Clarendon. He speaks of the venal courtiers who had now become royal favourites, "who, amongst them, have cast my Lord Chancellor on his back past ever getting up again, there



THE FALL OF CLARENDON.

E. M. Ward, R.A.



being now little for him to do; and he waits at court, attending to speak to the King, as others do. The King do mind nothing but pleasure." "Some rude people have been at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these three words writ, 'Three sights to be seen, Dunkerque, Tangier, and a barren Queene.'" Pepys has also given the graphic account of the circumstances of Clarendon's departure from his final interview with the King, on which the celebrated painting the "Fall of Clarendon" is founded. The courtiers, when they saw him, used to tell the King that his "school-master" was coming. They used to mimic the Chancellor for the royal amusement. We are told that the infamous Duke of Buckingham was peculiarly successful in imitating "the stately walk of that solemn personage." The King at first feebly reproved and then delighted at this buffoonery at the expense of his old and faithful servant. Clarendon now seriously crossed the royal path. Charles more and more leaned towards the Roman Catholics, and was anxious to alter the laws so as to favour and indulge them; but this course of conduct his minister evermore faithfully opposed. He also directly interfered with the King's licentious course of life. The courtiers told Charles, "that if he was not a fool, he would not suffer his business to be carried on by fools." At last he sent the Earl a message recommending him immediately to resign the Great Seal. In reply the falling minister requested an audience. The King could not with any decency refuse this, and appointed him to come on a certain day after breakfast.

The day of the appointed interview was known to all the courtiers. The event, of course, excited the highest interest. A private conversation of two hours ensued. At first things went on very well. By-and-by Clarendon spoke very plainly and boldly to his master on matters connected with his bad way of living. At this the King became visibly angry and impatient. At last his Majesty terminated the conversation without stating any conclusion at which he might have arrived. As they came forth from the conference, the courtiers eagerly watched the expression of both their countenances. They thought that both faces "looked very thoughtful." Pepys says that the King's infamous paramour "ran out into her aviary, and stood blessing herself at the old man's going away; and several of the gallants of Whitehall (of which there were many staying to see the Chancellor's return) did talk to her in her birdcage." Clarendon, in his *Life*, has an allusion to the dissolute crew who were waiting about eagerly hoping for his disgrace. For some days the king took no further steps. The courtiers were greatly alarmed at this. With ceaseless importunities they taunted him on his subserviency to "a cunning old lawyer, and nearly lectured him out of his wits." Then the King yielded, and sent a Secretary-of-State with a warrant under the sign manual to demand the Great Seal. When the secretary returned with this coveted ensign of office, a base courtier clasped his Majesty's knees, exclaiming, "Sir, you are now a king."

Assuredly there was a great fall here; but still Clarendon's enemies were not satisfied. Perhaps they dreaded his future return to power. They determined to prevent this; they thirsted for his blood; they brought against him an impeachment for high treason. The late Lord Chancellor Campbell has characterized the articles of the impeachment as "preposterously vague and absurd." There seemed little chance of a conviction against him. The King was anxious that he should leave the country: this would be enough to satisfy his enemies. The royal

word was pledged that, if he would withdraw, no further step would be taken against him while he was in exile. Very unwillingly, but in obedience to the King's wish, which he had always treated with almost absolute submission, Clarendon withdrew beyond seas. His enemies seized upon this as an occasion against him. They passed a Bill through Parliament banishing him for ever, and making his return an act of high treason. We now come to days which are generally looked upon as the most sombre in Clarendon's career; but those who take a more solemn view of life, and chiefly regard a man's highest interests, will turn away with relief from the thronged galleries of Whitehall and the rising glories of Clarendon House to Montpellier, to Moulins, and to Rouen.

With a well-nigh broken heart and enfeebled form he betook himself to France. The French Government treated him alternately with harshness and consideration, according to the variations of their political relations with the English Government. After many chequered days he settled himself for a time at Montpellier. Here he finished his little work on the Psalms. He has prefaced this by a letter to his children, from which we make some quotations, as giving in the best form the shape of mind to which his fall had brought him:—

"My children, you have undergone so great a share with me in all the inconveniences and afflictions of my banishment, that it is but justice to assign you a share likewise of whatsoever I have gotten by them; and I do confess to you I found so great a serenity and tranquillity of mind in composing these considerations and reflections upon the Psalms of David, that I am willing to believe that the reading them may administer some kind of relief and ease to you in any trouble or adversity to which you may be exposed. In all times somewhat extraordinary hath been thought to be contained therein for the instruction, encouragement, and reformation of mankind, and for the rendering our lives more acceptable to God Almighty. . . . I began to exercise myself in these meditations in the time of a former banishment, when, to the public calamities with which the King and the kingdom were afflicted, and to my own particular, my forced absence for so many years from your dear mother and from you, the nature of that employment I had from the King, and the scene upon which that employment was to be acted, added very much to the melancholique of the condition I was in. . . . I proposed to make some reflection upon every psalm, in order from the subject-matter (I do not say from the occasion of writing the psalm, which I doubt is not well known to many who have taken upon them to determine it), or rather from some expressions in it, to the drawing some consolation to myself, by raising hopes which might seem to be supported by so strong a foundation; and I was not disappointed; but, proceeding in the same method at some house dedicated to that purpose, I went through about half the psalms whilst I continued in that employment, and found my mind so well composed that, I thank God, I never entertained any temptation, nor ever felt an inclination in myself to get out of the miserable condition in which I became honestly involved, and in which I underwent as many pressures and hardships as can be imagined—literal want of bread excepted, and very narrowly avoided.

"It pleased God, by a chain of miracles, at last to bring that to pass which all the world thought impossible to be done. . . . And in this miraculous restoration and prosperity I had my full share, which I enjoyed many years, in an envious proportion of the King's favour and good opinion, which I had endeavoured to preserve by all the industry and fidelity a servant so obliged

ought to perform; having (God knows) never anything before my eyes or in my purposes but the King's honour and happiness. . . . I have too much cause to believe and confess that, though, to the utmost of my power, and according to the understanding God hath given me, which, no doubt, hath many defects, I have not failed in the performance of my duty to the King and to the country, I have abundantly failed in my duty to my God, and not enough remembered His particular saving blessings and deliverances of myself and family in the time of my adversity and banishment, nor the vows and promises I then made to Him; and for that reason He hath exposed me to new troubles and reproaches for crimes I am in no degree guilty of, and condemned me to a new banishment in my age, when I am not able to struggle with those difficulties that encompass me. I am sure I discontinued this heavenly exercise upon the Psalms themselves and the whole body of the Scriptures; and God, in His great mercy, awakened me out of the lethargy I was in, by reproaches I least apprehended, and a judgment I least expected or suspected, and drove me out of that sunshine that dazzled me, withdrew the King's favour from me, out of that crowd of business that stifled all other thoughts, and condemned me to such a solitariness and desertion as must reduce my giddy and wandering soul to some recollection and steadiness. . . . I thank God from the time that I resumed this exercise I found my mind every day more agreeable to my fortune; and I never omitted the prosecution of it, on those days which I had assigned to it, unless want of breath or intolerable pain constrained me."

The love of literature was an immense relief to Clarendon. His old age exhibited a ceaseless literary activity. Besides his historical and autobiographical works, he wrote, among others, "A View and Survey of Hobbes's *Leviathan*," "Animadversions on a Controversy respecting the Catholic Church," "An Historical Discourse upon the Jurisdiction assumed by the Pope." To his great grief, his daughter, the Duchess of York, went over to the Church of Rome. He wrote a most elaborate letter to dissuade her. In it we find expressions of Christian charity and toleration which we may suppose his own sufferings had taught; happy, indeed, for his fame and usefulness if he had only learned the lesson earlier. "There are many churches in which salvation may be obtained, as well as in any one of them, and were many even in the apostolic time. There is, indeed, but one faith in which we can be saved—the steadfast belief of the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Saviour; and every church that receives and embraces that faith is in a state of salvation." The death of the Duchess occurred not long after; and, a change being necessary for his broken health and spirits, he removed to Moulins. Yet he learned to recognise the blessings that had accompanied his fall. He learned to speak of his banishment as "his third and most blessed recess, in which God vouchsafed to exercise many of His mercies towards him." Three such "recesses or acquiesces" he used to reckon up in his life. The first of these was when he was living in Jersey; the second when he was ambassador at Madrid; the third was his final banishment. He used to say that, of the infinite blessings which God had vouchsafed to bestow upon him from his cradle, he used to esteem himself so happy in none as in these: "In every one of which God had given him grace and opportunity to make full reflections upon his actions and his observations, upon what he had done himself and what he had seen others do and suffer; to repair the breaches in his own mind, and to fortify himself with new resolutions against future encounters in an entire resignation of all his thoughts

and purposes into the disposal of God Almighty, and in a firm confidence of his protection and deliverance in all the difficulties he should be obliged to contend with; towards the obtaining whereof he resumed those vows, and promises of integrity, and hearty endeavours, which are the only means to procure the continuance of that protection and deliverance."

Yet, as the years rolled on, the old man earnestly desired once more to see his native country "before he went hence to be no more seen." To the last the fond hope was always before him that he might yet be restored to something of his old position. He removed to Rouen, that he might at least have the melancholy satisfaction of being so much nearer to English soil. He sent a petition to the unfeeling King that he might be allowed to die among his children. "Seven years," he pleaded, "was a time prescribed and limited by God himself for the expiations of some of his greatest judgments; and it is full that time since I have, with all possible humility, sustained the insupportable weight of the King's displeasure. Since it will not be in any one's power long to prevent me from dying, methinks the desiring a place to die in should not be thought a great presumption."

It was not so to be. The worthless monarch did not even vouchsafe a word of answer to this pathetic appeal. Rouen was to prove the last scene of his wanderings. He died there one winter day, in the cold, friendless winter of his life, at the age of sixty-five.

The moral of the fall of Clarendon is this—the moral to how many a sad narrative of broken hopes and broken hearts:—

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man."

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes."

## RUSS PICTURES.

### VII.—A RUSSIAN SALT MINE.

I LEFT Orenburg one lovely spring morning to visit the famous Iletzkaja Seaschitta salt mine, situated about sixty versts to the south of the town in the Kirghis steppe.

The Ural river, which may be almost said to pass through Orenburg, was still swollen with the customary winter floods; so that the high bridge connecting Europe and Asia, removed in that season of the year, had not yet been restored. We crossed the river in a large ferry-boat. The high European bank is crowned by the fortress. Its lofty towers, and the palace of the governor-general, commanded the surrounding country. In the background the high minarets of the caravanserai and *nessgae* glittered in the morning sun. The left, or Asiatic bank, opposite the town, is covered with wood, laid out by Nature's landscape-gardening skill. Poplars, ashes, and willows form glorious groups, adorn the shore, and droop their branches to the surface of the quickly flowing stream. Between the trees the eye caught the white walls of the barter mart, two versts from Orenburg, behind which rose and fell the undulations of the steppe.

The farther bank was crowded with Kirghises, flocks of sheep, and camels, awaiting the ferry-boat which should convey them to the town. The sheep, with their long pendent ears, and fat shapeless tails, were couched in little groups beneath the trees; the camels knelt upon the shore, and surveyed the river as patient ruminants. The sight was so peculiar as involuntarily to remind one of the neighbourhood of Asia. I was



travelling with my own horses as far as the first post-station; and the animals, fresh from Russia, and new to the sight of camels, grew restless as we neared the bank. We were unable to land until the unwieldy objects of their alarm were driven into the wood.

No trees refresh the sight between Orenburg and Iletzkaja, the limitless steppe alone meeting the view. Little trace is visible of human industry, of agriculture, or of settlements, although the soil, where cultivated, produces admirable wheat in great abundance. Every five versts stands a small Cossack picket with a guard-house. A couple of post-stations and a few miserable huts are all the habitations of man one encounters upon the way. To atone for this, the road is all the livelier. Every minute you meet large waggons, laden with salt, and mostly drawn by oxen; Kirghises upon camels, driving their flocks to the town; Cossacks, and other natives of the country, in such numbers, that you might fancy yourself upon some great artery of commerce in the interior of the empire.

For some years past a post-road has existed between Orenburg and Iletzkaja. I was astonished to find in these parts so many positive comforts. Great improvements in travelling have certainly occurred of late in Russia; but one is still surprised to find every post-station provided with a fairly furnished waiting-room, for the convenience of the traveller. The swift steppe horses were harnessed in a few minutes, and away we went full gallop. Driving in Russia is proverbially a breakneck sort of business; but it never happened to me before to be whirled along, willy, nilly, at the rate of from sixteen to seventeen versts an hour, in spite of repeated entreaties to adopt a less hazardous pace.

The optical delusion known as "mirage" is of frequent occurrence in the eastern steppes, especially in the spring, when vapour rises largely from the ground. Imagine, first, the sight of the bare, treeless steppe; then, at a turn in the road, apparently a lake in front studded with islands, the farther bank adorned with little trees. The pleasant landscape which here spread before our view afforded us much delight; but the nearer we approached the more we became disenchanted. At last all trace of the illusion vanished, and the bare steppe again came in sight, covered by nothing but low undergrowth of the wild acacia and steppe cherry. Farther on we noticed the illusion several times; once a village of migratory Kirghises seemed mostly swimming in water, only a few felt tents, lying somewhat higher than the rest, appeared to be islands. The verisimilitude of the sight was perfect. We fancied not only that we saw the water, but that we could recognise the gentle plashing of tiny waves; but when we drew near the water disappeared, leaving a slight flickering mist close to the surface of the ground, which followed the direction of the wind.

The little town of Iletzkaja, surrounded with an earthen rampart, and enlivened by a few groups of trees, looked quaintly picturesque as we approached. Close by is a tall gypsum hill, crowned by an ancient tower, pierced with loopholes for musketry, which dominates the town, and forms a conspicuous feature of the landscape. Within the town we found straight, regular streets, numbers of pleasant dwellings, and some good-sized public buildings, and at the southern extremity a little lake, surrounded by trees, and neatly laid-out grounds. It almost requires a residence of years amid the monotony of the steppes to appreciate these simple pleasures as they really deserve. The sight of every piece of water recalls refreshing coolness, and every shady tree is a boon in the parching heats of a steppe

summer. The view of this pleasant little town at the extreme point of the civilized world was a truly delightful appearance, reminding us of home and Europe. Beyond the town spread far away the wide and gloomy Central Asian steppes.

We lost no time in going in search of the salt mine. An avenue of thick-stemmed willows led beside the stone mosque and past the guard-house, and thence to the brink of a vast pit or quarry, bounded by steep slopes. Down in the depths were several hundred labourers, hewing channels with long-handled axes in the length and breadth of the salt, which, seen from above, presented the appearance of a series of oblong slabs. To obviate being in each other's way, they worked in terraces. After shaping out the slabs, the blocks of salt—adhering now only at the base—were easily separated from the mass by blows from a species of battering-ram suspended from chains. The great blocks—each weighing between three and four tons—are then easily split into smaller ones, and built up into symmetrical heaps. These are furnished with sloping walls and a slanting roof of thinner slabs, over which pounded salt is dusted to fill the crevices. Frost, rain, and sunshine soon bake the roof into a covering, which defies the effects of the weather for years together.

After surveying for some time the operations of the busy swarm from above, we descended the main road into the centre of the mine, and stood in a world of salt. The ground upon which we trod, the walls by which we were closed in, I might almost say the air which we drew in with our breath, sharp, white, and acrid—all were salt, glittering, and brilliant. The only other colour was in the arch of sky that spread overhead, and domed in the crystal walls with a cupola of blue.

Mineral salt consists of coarse-grained crystals, constituting a hard, glittering, homogeneous mass. The appearance of this great shining rock in clear sunshine must be seen to be appreciated. It cannot be described. The mine should either be visited in spring or after heavy rain, for in autumn the great heats have covered its surface with a greyish-white crust. Larger crystals, conspicuous for purity and transparency, are occasionally met with, and used in former times to be fashioned by the workpeople into various objects—burning-glasses, saltcellars, candlesticks, and rings. The crystals have grown rarer of late, and those who once cultivated the art have ceased to exercise it; so that these tokens of a visit to the salt mine are no longer to be had for love or money.

The aspect of the salt-rock in its natural state, where it is as yet unutilized by the hand of man, is extremely interesting. Jagged peaks, washed bare by rain, protrude from the earth—a mixture of sand and gypsum—or stand out boldly from the smooth-hewn sides. The water, which partially collects in the mine from rain, partly filters out of the salt itself, is pumped out by simple horse-power machines; the valuable salt-springs, which would be a treasure in any other country, are here suffered to trickle away into the sand to the south. Several worked-out mines and pits, filled with salt-water, exist in this direction, whither all land-springs flow. If the heat in autumn is very great, the springs become so strongly saturated by evaporation that a person bathing in the pool is unable to sink beneath the surface. In the former times the Kirghises frequented these places for cure of various diseases. It is said to have been a peculiar sight to see these brown leathery figures, tanned almost black by the sun, plunge head foremost into the acrid pool, and emerge in a few minutes glowing red as vermilion.

The whole of this region teems with salt. Wherever the sandy gypsum soil is scratched away to the depth of a few inches, the most extensive layers of the mineral are found. To the east of the great mine several houses were situated some time back whose cellars were hewn out of solid salt, and in which a cool and refreshing temperature lasted throughout the year. There are vaults now beneath the gypsum hills in which water has ice-like coolness during the greatest heats. Attempts made to ascertain the actual extent of the mine have proved ineffectual. The borings were constantly through layer after layer of pure salt, and the effort was finally abandoned on account of the expense with which it was attended. A careful estimate of that portion of the mine which has already been explored gives the approximate result as 949,704,966 tons. Humboldt is said to have declared, when visiting Iletzkaja, that he was acquainted with no salt deposit throughout the world of similar extent, except, perhaps, in Africa.

We are left to vague conjecture upon the causes of its origin. It is only possible to affirm with certainty that, as the mineral consists solely of minute crystal cubes, it must have existed as fluid in its primitive state. When we regard the many traces in the earth's crust of the mighty Plutonic and Neptunian forces which disordered the formation of strata from the interior of the planet, or covered the earth with sedimental ruins by pre-Adamite floods, two suggestions offer themselves to our minds. The first is, that, in one of those formative periods, springs of pure muriatic natron filled the vast basin with salt-springs, which evaporated by the action of great telluric heat, leaving behind hard mineral salt in a crystalline form. The other presumption, which has found many adherents, is that the residue of a pre-Adamite salt lake withdrew itself into this region, and by evaporation gradually produced the mineral.

Every tradition has long since disappeared respecting the people who might have been the original discoverers of the mine. It is known, however, that the Nogay Tartars hence procured their supplies; subsequently their example was followed by the Kirghises and Bashkirs, many of whose ancient excavations are to be found in the neighbourhood. At present, with the imperfect and barbarous methods now in use, the annual yield does not exceed 18,000 tons, sold upon the spot at the rate of 10*d.* per pood (40 lbs.), and retailed by the buyers almost entirely in Orenburg and the adjacent governments. Improved machinery would of course produce far greater results. The salt is of the finest quality, but better adapted for table use than for cookery. The great hindrance to its exportation is the difficulty of transport. Should it be practicable, at some future time, to connect Iletzkaja by railway or by canal with the Volga, some 400 versts away, so that produce can be forwarded per steamer into the interior of the empire or to foreign parts, the importance and value of this great natural boon would be enormously increased.

### THE MAIN CHANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "THE FERROL FAMILY," ETC.  
CHAPTER XXX.—DUE FROM RIO.

UGLY weather it was that night beyond a doubt. Foam flying in white scuds over the country, even miles inland, alighting in farmyards and on budding twigs of trees. The gale, flecked with flakes of it, like snow, torn from the crests of waves. A mighty thundering out at sea, as if an army of vast multitudes were marching to the assault of the land, and shaking earth's

foundations with their steadfast tramp. Clouds careering across the hazy heavens from an inexhaustible horizon; inky clouds, which blotted out the evening twilight before its hour, and blackened the night into a dreadful darkness, amid which burned the fixed red light from the headland.

In the coastguard cottages the men said it was an awful night. He whose turn had come to be on duty prepared himself as for a hurricane. There was also a man on another kind of duty in the lighthouse above, but sitting in a sheltered gallery, underneath the fixed red lamp. Doubly tremendous sounded the storm round about that eyrie. The thick glass was lashed as with whistling whips by the flying spray, and an unvarying roar filled all the air. The light-keeper wondered whether the ocean steamer due from Rio next morning would not beat out to sea again. "This gale would drive her right dead ashore," said he, peering forth into the darkness through the thick glass.

"Ugly weather," was the severest remark of Fanny Kenrick's husband. He thought it unprofessional to be surprised or excited about any performances of wind or wave. Worst blasts than this had come upon him in open sea, he averred, and was wont to aver of every storm. If his box of a cottage had been bodily carried off by the elements, it is doubted whether he would have uttered an interjection. The tiny place looked very snug that night. Having company, they sat in the parlour, which was about the size of a merchant-brig's cabin, with a window like a port-hole. The puzzle was how the furniture had ever been got in, or ever would be got out. Coastguard Sam himself, with his broad chest and open-air voice, seemed quite disproportioned to the premises.

Over the dwarfish mantelpiece hung a remarkable piece of work, the performance of his own brown fingers. It resembled a prim picture (on Chinese principles) at first glance; but examination proved it to be done in coloured worsteds, a fac-simile of the frigate he had last sailed in. Waves of perfect pyramidal symmetry broke around its black hull. The union-jack, brilliant and without a ruffle, hung solidly in the same breeze that was swelling out the canvas. Every cord and block was accurate as a model. Mr. Green admired it immensely: he wanted to secure the good graces of coastguard Sam, for which end he had also conferred on him a gift of the best "honey-dew," with a joke with reference to the custom-house, which ought not to have been appreciated by the official.

"I've seen a-many and a-many picters in all parts," said he, "besides the real thing at Portsmouth, but I never see one more to my taste."

"Fair enough, fair enough," responded the modest artist, with an upward screw of his left eye through the tobacco-smoke to the object of admiration. "Now, would you b'lieve it that Fanny there was fust taken with me because she see just sich another picter of my doin'?"

"Laws, Mr. Green, don't you b'lieve the half what he says," put in the portly wife, with a laugh and a blush. "But it's he was taken with me, Mr. Green."

"Ay, ay; the wife has it all her own way: a man daren't contradict his wife," chuckled husband Sam, in the manner of one with assured authority. Whence it will be perceived that the party in the coastguard's parlour that stormy night were in capital good-humour with each other, and just in the mood for talking about old times.

"And it's I have been lookin' for you long enough, ma'am," says Green; "for my poor dear Hannah had a great regard for you, and often spoke of Fanny

Kenrick; and when I came back to the old place I asked after you, but, being a bit of a rover myself, I never heard where you were till four days ago, when old Kitty Moran showed me a letter you wrote."

The idea of his wife's writing a letter almost smothered coastguard Sam with chuckles. And it was they two who did all the talk: he smoked continuously, and listened to them and to the weather, which became fiercer every hour.

Now Green's fortunes were getting desperate: he must even be reduced to work for his living soon, as in the days before he married Hannah Rickaby and closed upon her money, if he could not somehow bring the Secret to bear upon Mr. Lombard. He had expensive habits for a man of his class: drinking and card-playing and perpetual idleness will soon eat through a store of cash. As long as he could have those exalted amusements he would "loaf" away his time, and think only over his Secret in a muddled manner, as a sure source of money when funds ran low—a revenue in reserve. The era of low funds had arrived now; but he had all the airs of a moneyed man, a successful gold-digger or sheep-farmer, to these simple coastguard people. He knew that it would gain him nothing "to make a poor mouth," as he would have said himself. Credit and honour went with money, or its semblance.

And the weather every hour grew fiercer. That far-off hurting in the upper air, which sounds so mysterious during tempest, as if a battle were being waged invisibly half a mile high, raged in full force. Once or twice even the experienced ear of the coastguardman hearkened, as he fancied he distinguished cries borne on the blast. Once or twice he went out to seek his comrade that was on duty, returning on each occasion with the compendious remark—

"Stiffish, a bit."

He had scarcely closed his door the second time when a loud snap or report took place close to the cottage. His wife started to her feet. "I expect it's the flag-staff," said he, tranquilly. And it proved to be the flagstaff, wrung right round off the boathouse-gable, as if twisted by an enormous hand, and dashed to earth.

"I've heard that noise when the masts went by the board," said he, "as they'll go in many a craft to-night. I wish the Rio steamer was either in or out."

Many an anxious thought wished the same that night. People wondered how far she could keep from the danger. Mr. Lombard thought also of another wreck that was possible. His latest and most venturesome embankment, encroaching farther on the sea than the rest, would be tested by this equinoctial storm. He believed the dike strong enough. But shareholders, without his faith or his fortune, had cause for uneasy dreams.

He sat up very late in his study that night. For a long time he was simply pondering—pondering. Gazing into the cinder castles of the fire, with two deep furrows between his brows, cut by the ploughshare of care; but he was not thinking of the cinder castles, nor of the tempest outside, which was bending and even breaking his fine old trees. Presently he began to write. It must have been some composition of consequence, to judge by the pains it cost him. Half a dozen sheets were thrown aside for some fault which his fastidiousness saw. Brooding, and pausing, and pondering, writing a few words, and then crossing them out, he seemed not to make much progress.

He might well have some trouble in expressing his meaning. Without committing himself in the least, he wanted to make an overture of conciliation to his enemy, John Green: to write some words which that person

should be convinced were in good faith and contained no possible trap. If Mr. Lombard could have had an interview, he was so constitutionally cautious that he would never have put pen to paper in the business; but Mr. Green's address, inserted at the end of all his communications, was so vague a one as "General Post Office, Dublin."

The sight of Fanny Kenrick on the preceding day had precipitated this conciliatory measure. He felt as if the toils were closing around him—as if every event conspired to keep him in memory of a time which he wished above all things utterly to forget. He was not sure but her collateral evidence respecting that period might damage him, if ferreted out and pieced together by such an enemy as Green. He was unspeakably weary of the whole affair. The annoyance of Green's frequent letters to himself and his wife had become almost a curse. Some fascinated dread made him read them when he might have burned them. The unhappiness they had produced between himself and Pen was increased fivefold. Oh, that he could put his heel on the malignant whisperer and crush—crush him, even as he grated together his white teeth!

At last he had put together a few words without his signature. It read like an advertisement in the second column of "The Times:" no one without the key could comprehend more than that to attend to it might be for John Green's advantage.

Meanwhile the storm had been increasing. Mr. Lombard rose, put aside the curtains, and looked out. When his eyes got accustomed to the gloom, he could perceive swaying to the earth the tall plant limes. Creaking and straining were the sturdy, unyielding oaks and elms. Twigs and bits of branches flew through the air, like spray rent from the woodlands. And the steamer due from Rio?—and the embankment of a thousand acres?

When the morning had come, a dishevelled morning appearing tardily amid scudding clouds and gusts, Mr. Lombard was looking at one wreck that had occurred near his house; for early rising was a prominent virtue of his. He was wont to call it (in his popular speeches wherein his humble origin made a great hit) a chief rung in the ladder, leading the young from obscurity to eminence. A splendid oak had been torn up by the storm, and lay prone pitifully with roots all broken and bare, and a great gash in the grass where it had grown for a couple of centuries. They said it had been planted by the Sarsfield who had built up the fortunes of the Castle Lough family; and there was a superstition linking it with those fortunes. Be that as it may, the present owner (who was much too hard-headed to be superstitious) would rather have lost a good deal of money than the patriarchal old tree, which no gold could replace.

"A letter for you, sir." Twigg, the tiger, had been sent running from the house with it, because the messenger was urgent. It was a brief note from the clerk of works resident near the embankment, and who had charge of the reclaimed lands, officially announcing the injuries they had sustained by the storm, which had flooded the last thousand acres, and driven on shore the steamer due from Rio.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—HOW JOE CAME HOME.

A GRIEVOUS sight was that gigantic ocean liner, helplessly stranded on the beach below the lighthouse headland, and washed over by the great hungry leaping waves which had gained the victory during her last night's agony. The mails had been saved, by incredible exertions of the mail-agent, said the local papers. The majority of crew and passengers had also escaped with



their lives, and were warmly entertained in the few houses round, being for the nonce heroes because of the story of the wreck which they had to tell. Nothing else was likely to be saved, as the vessel was breaking up.

Already the shore was strewn with waifs, broken timbers, barrels, bales, sea-chests, even furniture from the cabins. A large body of police kept guard over these; for troops of country-people and townspeople had come down to look at "the wrack," and, if truth must be told, to pick up any stray flotsam and jetsam that fell in their way. Other waifs there were, of whom nobody was covetous, yet which were lifted up carefully, and brought to the coastguard boat-house to await the coroner's inquest.

That night's work had been a loss of some eighty thousand pounds to the Ocean Universal Navigation Company; and Mr. Lombard knew what a sudden sink below par there would be in the already lowering shares when it was reported in Dublin and London. And this ruin had come on top of the other ruin, the great embankments giving way. It seemed as if, like a battering-ram, the big steamer had been lifted up by some huge wave, and driven with full force against it; and the breach, once begun, had spread in both directions. Down went the value of shares in that company likewise; but the loss would not be so patent to the public, as few of them were ever in the market, being retained by Mr. Lombard as a private investment for himself and his friends. Now he saw that the whole of last year's work was lost, labour that had cost an enormous sum; literally money cast into the sea.

He inspected the ruins, with the clerk of works obsequiously at his elbow. Nothing so damaging as this joint accident had ever befallen him during his career. The blow staggered him somewhat at first. But none of the on-lookers (and many there were who scanned him curiously and closely; for are not the misfortunes of the prosperous pleasing to alloyed human nature?), none of his brother magistrates who came to the scene and talked with him, saw a trace of discomposure. "Wonderful how Lombard bears up!" they said to one another; for it was well known how deep a stake he had in both companies. They exaggerated his losses to each other; had there not been something repellent about the man, they would have comforted him as did Job's friends; and the number who had always foretold ruin, affirming that the embankment was a foolhardy project, and that the entrance of the estuary was unsafe for ocean liners, was in great majority. All had suddenly become wiser than the wise man, and prophets—after the fact.

Mr. Lombard remained for some hours at the place, prompting everything useful and practical that was to be done. He had his foot in his horse's stirrup, when a man, who had been watching him from a distance, came close and spoke to him.

"Before you go, sir, I'd be obliged for a word or two."

No longer the swaggering John Green; even in the first glance Mr. Lombard, amid his own surprise, noticed some strange change in the man.

"There's something I want to show you, sir," he added, hoarsely and eagerly. "You weren't in the boat-house, sir, and—and——"

It was only a few rods away. Mr. Lombard took his foot out of the stirrup, and having some compelling feeling—some premonition of he knew not what—followed John Green.

They were lying on the ground, those poor drowned men, just as the pitiless tides had cast them ashore. More than one was sadly gashed and battered by the rocks; others had struggled wildly for life, as the staring

eyeballs and tense muscles attested. Farthest in of the half-dozen was a young sailor, over whose face some person had laid a cloth. Not that there was anything repulsive to hide: the features were quite composed, although the large black eyes were wide open, and gazed blankly at the gazer.

When Mr. Lombard saw this face he started a step back, uttering a suppressed exclamation. With blanched half-open lips he stared round at Green, whose ferret eyes were observing him narrowly.

"You see who it is, sir?" he whispered with a sort of hiss. He raised up the dead right arm, already stiffening, which had wrestled so unavailingly with the mighty waves, poor fellow! and turned the wrist so as to show a curious brown mark with a black centre. "You remember that mark, sir? It was on the child that Hannah nursed."

Mr. Lombard said nothing. He was like one stunned for a minute or two. If Green had wanted any confirmation of the truth of his discovery, this manner would have been enough.

"I found a little book an' a paper in his jacket, sir," he went on. "They were stitched up in the lining—a mite of a Testament with his name in it—leastways, the name of 'Joe Rickaby, from Mrs. Lombard.' An' the paper tells all about himself. 'Twould be awkward to have them found on the coroner's inquest, sir?'"

The gentleman looked quickly round to see if any person were within ear-shot. But the boat-house was empty, except for the dead men; and one of the coast-guard was smoking on the threshold.

"Cover his face," said he, hurriedly. "Have you that book and paper? Then come with me," and he walked out of the place, and got upon El-Dorado's back, feeling like a man in a dream.

"Has she seen him—Fanny Kenrick, I mean?" were the first words he spoke, when they were clear of the cottages.

Green's baleful eyes twinkled. It was clear he might make his own terms now.

"No, sir—not till I'd seen you fast," he replied. "But that's a wonderful mark—she'd remember it, easy; I never seen one like it. An' the book an' paper, too."

Poor Joe! a paper soaked and sodden, on which he had written his story, so far as he knew anything about himself, in the rude schoolboy hand he had learned at the school in Little Primrose-street. And whether he was coming home to present himself before Mr. Lombard again, hearing of his name in connection with the great packet company, and wanting advancement from him, or justice from him, would never be known now.

"I was speaking to some of his messmates. They all liked him, though he were a bit wild or such," added Green, who walked beside the horse.

Now here was a renewed danger; how much or how little of his story had he told among the sailors, and might come out on the inquest?

Mr. Lombard's silver-handled whip had deep marks of his strong teeth upon it (almost obliterating the crest of the beaver and distaff) after that day's ride.

"Look here, Green, I'll want you to watch the inquest for me. I shall be in London at the time. You have nothing to gain but from me," he said with distinctness, and looking full in the Australian's upturned face. "So far our interests are identical; and I don't mind paying you handsomely for a service."

What need to enter into the terms of the compact? Guilt was covered up with money, as has been done myriads of times. Both bad men made the best bargain they could; looking after the Main Chance still.

## CHAPTER XXXII.—NEMESIS.

I do not know that Mr. Lombard did more than look into the packet which he committed to the flames that evening. The little threepenny Testament and the sheet of paper were not long burning away to ashes and a film; and poor Joe's record of his vague history was effaced for ever.

And, had there been even a burning process by which Mr. Lombard's memory and conscience could have been equally effaced and purged, he would have subjected himself to it with eagerness. Oh, those blank eyes, gazing from the depths of death! He turned nowhere that they did not encounter him. They seemed stricken on his soul, as lightning makes a sort of picture sometimes where it suddenly scathes.

He got up and walked about, when the last of the film had fluttered and vanished. He went out into the open air, caring not for the wind and rain. A thousand scorpion stings were in his heart. He could have groaned aloud in his agony. The guilt of murder seemed upon him; he felt the brand of Cain.

Only for him, a happy, honoured, well-educated, comfortably-circumstanced gentleman; only for him, in all probability alive now, enjoying his birthright of competence. And for what had he wrought this crime? For what gain to himself had he proved treacherous to his trust, and torn Mr. Estridge's child from a respectable position to the place of a menial, exposed him to evil influences in Liverpool streets, driven him finally to the wretched seaman's life in which he had perished? What was the reward of all this wickedness? An income not much larger than his own now was in one month. Would he not have prospered almost equally well without the crime? He knew thoroughly that he would. He had long known that he had blackened his soul in this matter without avail. And, as a "sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," so remorse's crown of remorse is where the crime has been for nought, and the devil's wages have turned out mere counters.

Out in the wind and rain, most vividly came before him the memory of the hour of temptation. Always had he hated the child who was born to come between him and the best part of his possessions; and we know into what foul flower hatred can blossom under developing circumstances. But never had he thought to do him actual harm until that night after the physician had given up the little life, and Mr. Lombard's heart felt a secret satisfaction that now all his father-in-law's property—wealth it was to him then—would be his without a sharer. They watched for the death, he and the nurse Hannah Rickaby, until near morning they became aware that in all probability it would not be death, but recovery. The laboured breath was easier, the fevered pulse less rapid; the little child slept. And then the demon of temptation came to Mr. Lombard; and the demon of avarice silenced the scruples of the money-loving nurse.

Next day the house was darkened, and everybody heard that the child was dead. The physician had a bland decorous commonplace or two on the occasion; he knew that Mr. Lombard could not grieve much over the little heir, whose decease left him richer. The funeral was hastened, because of the chief mourner's business engagements; and the same evening after dark Hannah Rickaby ended her term of service by fulfilling her agreement to travel to Dublin with her master, carrying the unconscious child (stilled by an opiate). She went as far as Liverpool, but did not see the little fellow's final destination; being dismissed by Mr. Lombard at a

shabby inn of the seafaring class, with the price of her fare back again to Dublin.

John Green had been to that seafaring sort of inn among his wanderings. But the place had changed hands; and he found nothing except an opportunity for more gambling and drinking, which he indulged accordingly.

Such is a sketch of the memories that scourged Mr. Lombard on this night, when the Nemesis of his life visited him. And amid all came the blank stony stare of those drowned eyes, imperishable. What awful injury, calculable only by a departed spirit, may not his injustice have done to poor Joe Estridge?

Early next morning, by the first train, and without seeing either his wife or Esther, he went to Dublin and England. Again to Liverpool, to one of the sandy little watering-places on the mouth of the Mersey, where his mother lived in a neat cottage with the faithful Duster as attendant. He stayed some days in this haven. They thought he was in London, rectifying the Company's affairs, inaugurating a new era of success. Did he make his mother his confidante? I think not. He was by nature a reticent person. His evident suffering, his haggard looks and disquieted mind, he attributed to his late monetary losses. His mother made nourishing messes for him, gave him eggs beaten up with brandy to her heart's content. The opportunity of caring for him was delicious to the old lady. One thing startled her—the quantity of wine he drank. Wine he had suddenly made his *Lethe*. The blank drowned eyes did not stare at him from the ruby glass.

It was strange how little he thought of the damage to his fortune, and the tottering of his speculations. And it is truth that he would have welcomed any loss which would have removed the Cain-brand that he felt on his soul.

Before he returned to Castle Lough, the inquest had taken place, and the dead sailors were buried safely in the crowded little graveyard of what was called in Irish "The Lonesome Church:" a small grey-gabled ruin of unknown antiquity, situated on the light-house headland. Likewise, an auction had been held of the wreck and its wails; but thereafter for many a day a portion of the hull remained stuck fast in the sand, beaten by every surge.

Shall we leave Mr. Lombard to such happiness as his hot pursuit of the Main Chance has brought him? It was remarked, after that disaster of the embankment and the wreck, that his right hand seemed to have lost its cunning. People whispered that the successful man had ceased to be successful. He was irresolute and wavering, where once he would have been decisive and triumphant. There seemed to come a decay in his fortunes, without ostensible cause, unless that he had still the desire to dabble in speculations, with something like a weakened judgment. And they talk now even of embarrassments about the owner of Castle Lough.

Those of his own household saw deeper change in the man himself. The former composure was gone; vacant fits of idleness, of irritability, replaced his old clever industry. He seemed to have lost interest in what most absorbed him previously, and often was as if fearful of some further disaster—some secret blow. No one knows how much money he pays to ward off such; nor why the perilous *Lethe* of wine has become his frequent resort. But people talk about this latter, and pity his wife.

It remains to say, that when Miss Leonora Sarsfield died (which was of her old disease, spring bronchitis), her money was found to be left to Pen's father. Dear, gentle Mr. Sarsfield!—because he had learned to be happy without a fortune, therefore is he happy with it.